WORKERS of the WORLD·UNITE

# THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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## RED ROSES ON THE HIGHWAYS.

(FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.)

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

I saw the children playing,
  I heard their voices ring:
It seemed the trees were swaying
  In gentle winds of spring:
It seemed the world was Maying
  And glad as anything.

I heard the children's laughter
  Go rippling through the night:
It seemed that ever after
  The dark was linked with light:
It seemed from Hope's Hereafter
  There rained a soft delight.

I heard their gladness ringing
  Through all the sun-kissed hours:
It seemed the birds were singing,
  The gardens filled with flowers:
It seemed that Life was bringing
  Love back to leafy bowers.

When Sorrow saddened my ways
  I felt their dear arms cling,
And wafted from the byways
  I heard Love's whispering:
The children on Life's highways
  Red roses came to fling.

## The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

THE sectarian snake has crawled on its belly into the British weaving industry, in the form of a scab concern (the Catholic Union of Weavers). The Church has somewhat successfully exploited every possibility of the political field ; but when it comes looking for things for its class masters on the industrial field, it's due to find a deep grave there—as soon as the workers recover from the effects of the anæsthetic of superstition.

Said that the ruling classes of Britain and Japan are co-operating in China to preserve the Manchu dynasty. If the Chinaman's crown goes, George the Fifth will also be in danger of having to get work.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is glad to be able to report that the principles of "Labor" are being magnificently upheld at Government House. That enthusiastic Labor Leaguer, Lady Chelmsford, assisted by her husband, gave a garden party the other day, and among the guests were the Premier (Mr. J. S. T. McGowen) and Mrs. McGowen, the latter in saxe blue charmeuse, with a square tunic of fine black silk net, handsomely embroidered in gold and bronze ; her toque of black and white straw was trimmed with a black ostrich feather and a pink rose. Miss McGowen's dress of Nattier blue charmeuse, was veiled with mole-colored ninon, and trimmed with metal embroidered net ; her hat was a black Tegal picture shape trimmed with a black ostrich plume and pink roses. Mrs. Trelle was in a handsome gown of champagne-colored crepe-de-chine, the bodice relieved with touches of black, and trimmed with coral beaded net ; her hat was of champagne-colored Tegal straw, trimmed with coral beads and black ostrich feathers. Mrs. Holman wore pale peach-colored silk, with an underdress of fine creme net with deep entredeux of ivory guipure ; her hat was of mauve straw trimmed with roses and peach-colored velvet ribbon.

The press-made scare *re* a likely leper station at North Head, Sydney, having been disposed of, what about dealing with the menace of the Macquarie-street lazarette, with its political and moral lepers right in the heart of the city, and the danger arising therefrom ?

The Revolutionary Socialists DO advocate political action. Read the S.F.A. Policy and Principles.

Tom Mann went to Ireland on Dec. 20 to organise the waterside workers.

During this year let every Socialist set out to get at least one new subscriber per week for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. If this is done, the Revolutionary Socialist movement will be in a far different position by the end of the year. Get to work !

Next week we shall print an article on "The Transport Workers' Struggle in Britain," specially written for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, by Tom Mann.

NEW YEAR GIFTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

CAPITALISM: "Here you are, my people! I'm generous, I am. If you don't like one toy you can have the other; IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME."

The Lithgow workers have been on strike for more than twenty-two weeks. During this time a large number of their men have been heavily fined at the instance of the Labor Party, and just as Christmas was coming on they were compelled to pay these fines—and consequently the women and children were robbed by the Labor Government by legal processes. In addition, the Labor Party employed Judge Pring to throw union men into jail, and the Labor Party is still holding those union men in jail. And, further, the Labor Party still has Lithgow garrisoned with police to protect Hoskins's scabs. There was, therefore, something both tragic and humorous in the spectacle of a gathering of the victimised workers being addressed by a couple of members of the scab Labor Party, who both lauded the Government that had done the fining and jailing and police-garrisoning, but said never a word about the men who are so unjustly held in jail. The only true note struck by any of the speakers was when Carl Johnson (of the Portland I.L.U.) denounced the way in which the Defence Committee's secretary had gone cap in hand to Hugh Dixon (the tobacco capitalist) for assistance, and when he declared that "he hoped there would be more strikes, because if the time came when the wage-workers wouldn't strike, their spirit and independence would be gone."

The N.S.W. Labor Party proposes to make a sinking fund to wipe out the public debt of £90,000,000 in sixty-six years. In that time the debt will have been repaid twice over in the form of interest at 3 per cent. It has already been repaid several times. The Socialists repudiate the Labor Party's method, and denounce it as immoral. Repudiation of the right of him who stole to continue his stealing is the Socialists' way—and it is the only moral way.

If Broken Hill juries only had sufficient courage to send a mine-owner along for trial for murder or manslaughter every time a miner was murdered in the Barrier death traps, there wouldn't be so many deaths from preventable accidents.

A political trades-union policy, standing for craft or sectional unionism and representing the same middle class political ideas that the trades unions now stand for, would be of no more use to the working-class than the present Labor Party.

The military spirit is the most merciless, heartless, and brutal in existence. It fosters an institution for which there is not even a pretence of justification. The soldier, to quote Tolstoi, is a professional man-killer. He does not kill for the love of it, like a savage, or in a passion, like a homicide. He is a cold-blooded, mechanical tool of his military superiors. He is ready to cut throats or scuttle a ship at the command of his ranking officer, without knowing or, perhaps, caring how, why, or wherefore. I believe that militarism—a standing army and navy—in any country indicates the decay of liberty and of the destruction of all that is best and finest in our nation. The steadily-growing clamor for more battleships and an increased army on the ground that these guarantee us peace is as absurd as the argument that the peaceful man is he who goes well armed. I believe that Militarism will cease when the liberty-loving spirits of the world say to their masters: "Go and do your own killing. We have sacrificed ourselves and our loved ones long enough fighting your battles. In return you have made parasites and criminals of us in times of peace and brutalised us in times of war. You have separated us from our brothers and made of the world a human slaughter-house. No, we will not do your killing or fight for the country you have stolen from us." Oh, I believe with all my heart that human brotherhood and solidarity will clear the horizon from the terrible red streak of war and destruction.—EMMA GOLDMAN.

Our cartoon in this issue, by the talented "Zif," is a talking picture. Capitalism has two New Year's toys for the sweated, robbed, and toil-marked people. For the moment, the puppet "Wade Ministry" is cast aside, and Capitalism holds the puppet "McGowen Ministry" on a string, and tells the people that he is generous enough to let them have whichever toy they like best. Whether they choose the Lib.-Tory Wade or the Lib.-Lab. McGowen, IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO CAPITALISM. His interests will be conserved in either case.

Tom Mann sends greetings to the International Socialists of the S.F.A., the coal lumpers, and other friends.

The South Australian tart-shop seems to be falling in on Honest John Verran and his troupe of political bun-strugglers.

Some one brought me an old copy of the Temperance *Advocate* the other day, and in it I found a column in which the worker was advised how he could save ten cents a day if he refrained from looking upon the wine when it was red or the beer when it was amber : "Think what you can do with ten cents a day if you save it, instead of spending it in drink. Ten cents a day means seventy cents a week. Seventy cents a week saved means thirty-six dollars and forty cents a year. Thirty-six dollars and forty cents a year saved means three hundred and sixty-four dollars in ten years."

About £75 saved in ten years ! And then the enthusiastic paper proceeded to say :

"Think what ought to be the first charge upon your salary—your rent. Think what ought to be the second charge upon your salary—your food. Think what ought to be the third charge upon your salary—your clothes.

Is comment necessary? Give up drink, save ten cents a week, in order that you may be able to pay your landlord, who will also reach out a relentless hand for the ten cents you have saved.

Adelaide soap-makers got an award from their Wages Board recently, and now they are asking for something better. They can't live on the award rates. In the course of the appeal, His Honor Judge Humberg asked one witness how he managed to keep his accounts square, and the reply was: "My wife goes out washing two days a week, and that helps to keep the children in clothes." Witnesses were required to tell the master class judge the amounts they spent weekly for rent, groceries, fuel, milk, bread, meat, vegetables, clothes, etc. This sort of unionism is good enough for worms, but men should reach out after something better.

To meet the fictitious increase in seamen's wages the shipowners are raising freights by 5 per cent. This will represent a great deal more than the "increase" in wages represents; and in due time the vendors of goods will raise the price of commodities by five per cent. to meet the increased freight charges; and as this will also amount to far more than the freight increases, it will be seen that the Arbitration award, while chloroforming the fool worker into a belief that he is getting something extra, really gives the exploiter a better thing than he ever had on before. It gives him a double dose of compound interest. "Palliatives that don't palliate."

The *Industrialist* (London) tells the workers "How to lose Strikes".

You think that you know all about losing strikes. You have practised the game all your lives, and fondly imagine that you have nothing more to learn. Yet you haven't quite reached perfection, because you win occasionally, but if you take the following hints you may succeed in losing every time :

You must divide yourselves in a greater number of unions. There are millions of workers in the United Kingdom, but only about 1,100 trade unions.

You must squabble a little more amongst yourselves. The different unions could fight each other even more than at present.

You must scab on any workers not belonging to your particular union. They will be in honor bound to return the compliment when you strike.

You must make more fat jobs for officials. Your well-paid officials are responsible for most of your defeats, and if you want to be beaten every time you should add to their number.

You must regard agreements with your exploiters as sacred contracts, not to be broken through on any consideration.

You must give notice before coming out on strike. The longer the better—for your masters. It gives them time to get blacklegs.

You must respect the sacred rights of property. When you come out on strike you should leave the machinery in perfect working order ; it is more convenient for the blacklegs. While out on strike you should behave like gentlemen.

Finally, you must always obey your leaders; help to maintain law and order; trust implicitly in the politicians (more especially in the respectable labor members); take the advice of the capitalist press ; and, above all, you must learn to think imperially.

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**A motto for 1912: EDUCATION TOWARDS REVOLUTION.**

# The Coal Vend Case.

## The Other Side of It.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

After a hearing that ran into nearly a quarter of a year, Judge Isaacs has fined the members of the Coal Vend £500 each and has ordered them to pay costs and also to cease selling coal at trustified prices and under trustified conditions. This is the result of the Labor Party's "trust-bursting" law, and Sydney *Worker* prints the judgment in quite jubilant form as though to celebrate a great victory. There is, however, another side to the case.

The Federal Attorney-General (who was recently the principal personality on a strike-wrecking campaign that earned the plaudits of the coal barons) DID NOT ASK THE COURT TO SEND THE TRUST MAGNATES TO JAIL, but only to fine them.

It was alleged that the Vend men had made a million of money by reason of the offence with which they were charged. The 37 fines total £18,500 and the *Worker* tells us that costs will bring this amount up to £50,000. Therefore, if the Vend gentlemen cleared £1,000,000 by trust methods, and if the present prosecutions should cost them £50,000—£31,500 of which would go to the legal sharks—the Gentlemen of the Ro—Vend would still be £950,000 to the good, and the community (accepting for the moment the fiction that the Federal Government is the community) would still be £981,500 to the bad.

As the Gentlemen of the Ro—Vend employ more than 10,000 persons in and about their mines, and probably another 10,000 on their ships and wharves and in other capacities, and as they, in common with all other capitalists, withhold from these workers more than two thirds of the wealth they make, it will be seen that the Gentlemen of the Ro—Vend will not have to go hungry to pay the fines.

Moreover, as the Gentlemen of the Ro—Vend regularly hold back one week's wages of each of the 10,000 men working for them, they always have about £20,000 in hand belonging to the miners. They could pay the fines out of this money.

As the Vend people are appealing, we may not deal with the merits of the case. This we shall do in no uncertain language when the appeal is decided. But there is no bar to us pointing out that the trust-bursting methods of the Labor Party are farcical and fool methods, and the policy of fighting the trusts in the class courts is a fool policy. As we have remarked over and over again—and as we have often heard the present Federal Attorney-General declare in bygone days—the courts are part of the machinery of the Class State, and the Class State exists to maintain the privilege and power of the non-working class to steal from the working class, and a £500 fine is to a member of the Coal Vend what a 5s. fine would be to a coal-miner.

The only sane way of dealing with the Gentlemen of the Ro—Vend is for the working class to take the coal mines and the railway lines and the steamships from them, and run them, with all the other forces of wealth-production, for the working people only.

Judge Isaacs' decision amounts to this:

1. The Coal Vend has robbed the public of a million of money.
2. The Coal Vend is ordered to return to the Government one-fiftieth part of the money it has stolen.
3. The Coal Vend is ordered not to steal on such a large scale in the future; but its units may, without contravening the law, steal smaller amounts, provided they do it as individuals and not in combination.

This last aspect of the judgment emphasises our oft-repeated assertion that the present Labor Administration stands wholly on a platform of small-capitalist interests.

The Coal Vend cannot charge the Federal Attorney-General with being in any way biased against its members. The form in which the summonses were issued placed it outside the power of the court to inflict imprisonment without the option. Neither will the Vend accuse Judge Isaacs of any undue severity. It is true that on legal technicalities the verdict may be upset. Whatever happens in that case doesn't matter a continental to the working class. But if some other class of thief had been dealt with—say a fraternity of professional burglars operating around Toorak or Potts Point way—for getting away with a million pounds' worth of loot, we are inclined to think that the Federal Attorney-General would not have been satisfied to ask the court just to fine them, neither do we imagine that the judge would have been satisfied to fine the burglars one fiftieth part of the booty.

# Our Paper.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

It is with the deepest reluctance that we are compelled to announce that it has been decided that the paper must be reduced by one-third of its previous size. The reduction takes effect with this issue, and the only reason for it is a financial one.

For the past five years the paper has been produced at a very heavy financial loss (the whole of which, apart from Press Fund amounts, has been borne by the International Socialist Club) and by virtue of stupendous sacrifices made by the journalistic, managerial, and mechanical staff. It is doubtful if £1000 would cover the loss made good by the Club, while—as a result of his share in carrying the burden—this writer has a solid chance of figuring as a life cripple. A small plant valued at nearly £200 has been built up, a large portion of the purchase money for this being provided by the Club, and this plant is practically free from debt. This is a magnificent result, and every Socialist fully appreciates the splendid work the Club has done in maintaining the paper for the past five years—first as the red-covered Review and later as The International Socialist. Every Socialist also appreciates the great value of the paper to the revolutionary movement. No other paper—especially in N.S.W.—has spoken for working-class principles as The International Socialist has done. It stands alone in N.S.W. as a revolutionary paper of Socialism and of the working class.

The International Socialist will live—must live; and it will be lifted to its previous size IMMEDIATELY THE MONEY IS AVAILABLE. The reduction will not remain one day longer than the Socialists and the subscribers want it to remain. A return can be made to the original size as soon as the money is available. Needless to say, the best way to do this is to increase the paper's circulation. The addition of another 1000 subscribers would be a big step in this direction; and each branch should make a special effort to this end.

In the meantime, in order to compensate to some extent for the loss of space, smaller type will be used, and an endeavor will be made to print a weekly cartoon. General articles will be shortened, and a maximum of matter will be fitted in to a minimum of space. This will make the work of editing a more laborious task than hitherto, but contributors may help very materially by re-writing their matter and condensing before forwarding.

If every member and friend will make a special effort—and a sustained effort—to secure new subscribers, we are certain the reduction need only be a temporary one; and, as our circulation grows, we will find it speedily possibly not only to return to the six-pages, but to increase to eight or more pages.

All of this can be done as soon as the money is there to do it with. The money will easily be there to do it with if every Socialist and sympathiser does all that he or she ought to do.

# Why We Want Political Action.

Many Unionists are of the impression that the present political action of the workers is not a wise and necessary step. They point with scorn and contempt to the present political disorganisation of Australia in support of their contention, and rightly so, too! All those who are students of this great working class question know full well that the present political treachery in Australia is but the reflection of the industrial disorganisation. If the workers of Australia were organised on a class-conscious uncompromising basis, the present "Labor" Parliaments would speedily follow their "Liberal" predecessors, just as surely as day follows night.

It is because of this lack of class consciousness that such a capitalistic party, disguised in the bowyangs and dungarees of Labor, misrepresents the wage slaves. Profiting by the bitter experience of our Australian brothers, we build the foundation of our political activity on the same basis as our industrial actions, viz., the Class Struggle. We teach the necessity of political solidarity just as we teach industrial solidarity. In our industrial welfare we conduct our business under laws made by the Master Class. We object to some of them, and agitate and organise and make our forces stronger, and demand certain amendments. If we are a force to be reckoned with, those concessions are granted. We know that labor legislation is adopted in comparison to the strength of the organised worker. The stronger we are the more advanced legislation we receive.

Now, why submit any longer to be satisfied with Master Class legislation?

Why not have our class representatives making the laws? If, as proved, we get certain legislation by organising the worker and demanding better conditions, then, logically, we have to organise a little more and demand the right of our class—the working class—to make the laws we live under. We believe that in certain electorates the workers are sufficiently organised to make the political step a successful one, but we never lose sight of the fact that industrial organisation must be our basis. We are applying the political organisation in order to test the solidarity of the industrial organisation. If it is unsuccessful, we immediately retire and perfect the weaknesses, in order to more successfully cope with the enemy in the next conflict. The propaganda work which will be done will be invaluable. Working-class matters will be preached and discussed in places hitherto regarded as hostile, the seed of Socialism will fall on ground which must bear fruit. It is because all other forms have proved futile that we want to see political action carried on, on a basis that has never been attempted before. We want to teach that it is not sufficient to be a "good unionist," but to be a "class-conscious unionist." The same loyalty on the industrial field is required on the political field. Those who betray their class in the political arena would betray their class in the industrial ranks.

We apply the test and await the result. —*Social Democrat*, N.Z.

# A Capitalist Class Scheme.

Through the International Socialist Bureau, the Socialist Federation of Australasia has received the following resolution from the Socialist Party of the United States:

Whereas, throughout the civilized world there is a death struggle for supremacy between the laboring or producing class, and the capitalist or non-producing class, and

Whereas, the capitalist class are, or seem to be unscrupulous, in their efforts to reduce the producing class to conditions of peonage and serfdom, and

Whereas, the capitalist class at the present time in the United States seem to have chosen California as the battle ground in their nefarious aims and intents to enslave the producing class, by first crushing wage labor, then the farmers, and

Whereas, one of their damnable methods (according to press dispatches) is the sending of agents to European countries for the purpose of encouraging immigration to California; and, believing that the conditions and interests of the producing class does not warrant such action, be it

Resolved, by Local Teller County, Socialist Party of Colorado, that we ask the National Executive Committee to inform and ask all Socialist and union papers throughout Europe that the advertisements for immigrants for the State of California is only one of the schemes of the capitalist class to crush labor unions and thereby bring all the producing class to a condition of peonage, for at present there are thousands of laborers unable to procure work in that State.

[Socialist, union, and labor papers are requested to give publication to the foregoing.]

The worst sin towards our fellow creatures is not to hate them, but to be indifferent to them; that's the essence of inhumanity.—George Bernard Shaw.

# I.W.W. Greetings.

FROM THE AUSTRALIAN ADMINISTRATION, ADELAIDE.

The Industrial Workers of the World sends forth the season's greetings to all it may concern. With the passing of the old year and the entering of the new, the time is marked by recollections of the past and anticipations for the future.

Our greeting conveys the news that the year 1912 is, on the part of our organisation, going to be one of great activity.

Within this continent, as in others, the power of the great proletariate is to be awakened from its slumber. Drugged to a weak and puny substance, by poisonous doses of capitalistic application; made impotent by the innovations of the ignorant and the despicable; rendered futile through a mixture foreign and dangerous to its growth, the working-class movement has been almost chloroformed out of existence.

The year closes, and as it does so one perceives that passing with it is the old order of things, through which, after the strenuous activity of many workers, the position of the toilers is identical with the pitiful plight that was their lot in the closing moments of previous years.

But the old year takes with it all the despondency that may have been created, for the new hails us with greetings, with gladsome news. The vigor, dormant in the past, passes through and, like blood through the body, percolates the organism and spurs it on to action. The working-class movement is not dead. It has only been encumbered with old incompetent methods, and these are to exist no longer except in history.

The working-class movement lives, and, coming with the light of the new year, a greater light reveals to us the structure of the new society. Never was a sight so wonderful to look upon. Never in history, in the workshop or out of it, have the workers produced a thing to equal it. Wealth, privileges, institutions, all have been created for others by or through the workers. This has been created by the workers and for the workers alone. It is theirs to use, to handle, to control, and by it they will win for themselves what they have had to sacrifice in days gone by. In the shadow of the past stands, tottering to fall, the edifice of a false hope. About it are seen the agencies which have, like rats to a floor, gnawed and consumed the goodness out of the creation. These agencies are destined to remain with the derelict and be buried in the ruins of the happy devastation. These agencies, taking the form as they do of parliamentary puff, place-pursuing pertinacity, and perverted practices of other descriptions, belong to the miasma, indeed they are the ingredients of a noxious effluvia; they can but then be left to wallow in it.

The strength of the new movement lies in the elimination of the weaknesses contained in the old, and from the old the new is extracting the goodness that it held but failed to use. The men and women who are ardent for a sound organisation, whose energies have been crippled, whose hopes have been blighted by the ignorance of some and the stealth of others, are the men and women who have within them all the usefulness that is contained in sectional unionism. And this usefulness—the unalloyed power of class-conscious workers, seeking an atmosphere in which it can live and develope, and finding it—at once begins to expand and, in its organised form, to assert itself.

In the organisation's perspective the path is clearly seen. There is but one to traverse. The goal—its final aim—attracts by its magnetism.

Reaching out, invigorated and multiplied in strength, the movement strikes for freedom.

It is here to be of service, it is here to do its work, for it calculates its forces, and by scientific means puts them into operation to benefit the mass of the people who are of it—just these; the other class will be smothered in the conflict. There is only room for one. When the workers vanquish plunder, plunderers will then be gone. Tranquil measures have been futile, and tranquility is wrong. Where an enemy opposes and that enemy uses means more brutal than the cannon to crush the workers down, let the means be what they may be that are raised against this power, so it is strong and firm and ready to engage in deadly war against the exploitation of wage-slaves. We will fight because we must while our industries are used as machines by which our service is diverted to a few. The I.W.W. will capture all the workshops, and the boss will bid farewell. There is no room for bosses; they make the thing too much like hell.

The I.W.W. is the Industrial Workers of the World, a class-conscious industrial organisation formed for the abolition of the wage system and the overthrow of the capitalist mode of production. Outside this the efforts of the workers are weak and avail them nothing. Inside of it no energy is lost. By sound industrial union methods industry will be captured, and instead of the proletariate selling their labor power they will control it and use it in producing wealth for themselves and not for others.

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# If Christ came to Broken Hill

BEING THE SUBSTANCE OF A LECTURE BY C. W. GREEN.

*Concluded from last issue.*

AMONG the many mystic notions of our orthodox friends is one that some day and somewhere Jesus Christ will come back to life and live as he lived before. They don't know when or where he will come. Let us draw upon our imagination so far as to believe that he came to Broken Hill to-morrow. What would he think, do, and say?

If Christ came to the Barrier he would naturally expect to find his precepts practically applied by a community that professes Christianity. He would expect to find a christianised civilisation heaping blessings upon the poor, the meek, the merciful, and the peacemakers. But would he find these genial folk the inheritors of his kingdom? Let us see! He said, "Blessed are ye poor, for yours is the Kingdom of God." If Christ came to Broken Hill or any capitalist city he would find the poor in practically the same state of abject slavery as their early prototypes whom he left in Palestine nineteen centuries ago. He would find an organised gang of industrial despots holding in their power the lives and destinies of the poor. The poor he would find still subjecting themselves fulsomely at the feet of the rich, salaaming and kowtowing at the shrine of established tyranny, and too doltish to strike the manacles from their minds and the straight-jackets from their bodies.

He said, "Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth." If Christ came to Broken Hill he would not find the inheritors of Broken Hill earth in Broken Hill. Not much. He would have to journey across the whole wide world to muster them together. He would find some of these meek gentlemen in London, some in New York, in Paris, Pekin, and elsewhere, about the banking houses where interest and dividends are drawn. For all the social service their ownership of their property renders to society they might as well live in the moon or on the planet Jupiter.

Christ said, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Broken Hill capitalism upsets that arrangement with its bourgeois beatitude: "Blessed are the merciless, for they shall obtain money!"

Christ said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Our revised version might run, "Blessed are the war-makers, for they are adored by the children of the Barrier." When Socialists inaugurate a war upon war and metaphorically stretch hands of peace and comradeship across the seas to their toiling brothers of all nations, the hall is packed by wild-eyed jingoistic christians who froth at the mouth and wave Union Jack's and roar Rule Britannia and lose all their manhood and reason in a maddened stampede toward the platform to choke back the words of the socialist peacemakers. And in their van appears the sacerdotal cloth of the self-styled ambassadors of the Prince of Peace. The people of Broken Hill have witnessed that spectacle.

Christ said, "Love your enemies."

Broken Hill's Christianity and Capitalism snarls, "Undersell your competitors."

Christ said, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

Broken Hill's maxim is, "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

Christ said, "Forgive men their debts."

Broken Hill christians say, "Put the bailiffs in the house."

This all goes to prove our boasted civilisation to be an empty farce and our professed Christianity only a euphemism for utter cant and hypocrisy. Christ strove for a social order that would form the working basis of his precepts. The modern social order is its antithesis.

If Christ came to Broken Hill he would find himself circumscribed by an economic and social system that operated to make him break his own precepts and injunctions at every turn.

He would doubtless marvel greatly at the unseemly sight of the ugly and filthy dog-kennels in which the toilers are housed—homes that are hot-hells. I can imagine him asking, "Why don't the people live in better houses?" The reply of course would be, "Because the rents are too high." "Why are there such high rents?" would be the next query. "Because the land belongs to a few people." "Why are they allowed to charge such rents?" Because the law primarily regards property.

Imagine him going into the mines where the workers sweat and toil and jeopardise limb and life in the underworld! When he learned that they who toiled existed in a perennial state of poverty while a few fat men garnered the harvest of that toil, he would feel appalled at the self-sacrifice of the many and naturally think that the rich must feel under an eternal obligation to the toiling millions. No doubt it would take a little time for him to realize that all the iniquity of things was due to the collective stupidity of the men who worked. But he would only need to attend a political meeting addressed by the Labor representatives of this city, and hear the flyblown pious platitudes that he heard mouthed by the pharisee rabbis nineteen centuries ago, and see the flushed faces and hear the plaudits of silly working-men—and then he would understand.

He would only have to go up to that modern synagogue upon the hill under the fiery cross and listen to the profundities bubbling from Father Killien and his pious pals. Imagine him entering that holy of holies, what a revelation would be his there. He would witness the real live up-to-date methods of serving God—an amassed congregation of ultra-fashionable folk simmering with pitiable vanity and peacock arrogance, attitudinising and mummerising and looking supremely solemn at a petticoated "father" mumbling Latin that nobody understood, lighting candles, and burning incense, and exuding holy oil from every pore of his flabby countenance.

If church people could only get down through the fog of superstition and priestcraft to the essence of things they would have done with such taudry shows and ceremonies as these. When one looks around and witnesses the perfect symmetry and order of all things in the natural world from the infinitesimal atom to the mighty worlds that wheel in the space of an infinite universe he may concede that back of it all there may be an infinite supreme personal force whose guiding hand shapes the destinies of worlds and whose mind thinks in solar systems and constellations of planets. There may be an infinite power which we cannot comprehend because of the finity of range of our mental vision. We cannot comprehend the incomprehensible. Yes, for aught we know somewhere in the illimitable immensity of the uncharted universe there may be a deity whose power over ordinary humans is infinitely greater than man's power over the domestic animal. We do not know any more about this great and stupendous problem than do our black-coated fellow-mortals who feign to have solved the riddle of the universe. But this we do know. If there be such an omnipotent and omniscient presence, it is the acme of folly to imagine that he is like a puny boy rampant for praise or that his vanity is going to be appeased by rituals and formalities, incense swinging and candle-burnings, knee drills and sacraments.

I challenge the intellectual integrity of the priesthood of this city, I challenge them to lay bare the rationale of their religion. I challenge them to come before the people of Broken Hill and to drop their mummeries and ledgerdemain for one hour and explain to us who are ignorant how all this bending and scraping and formalism registers our reverence, our goodness, our morality, or our anything else to their hypothetical infinite. If there's one priest on the Barrier can demonstrate that all this seeming rum-ti-tum has a rational background and that the power behind evolution is in any way helped by it, then let him come to the Socialist Party right here, and I'll promise him the most enthusiastic coterie of followers that ever counted beads or did penance at his behest.

If Christ came to Broken Hill he would denounce our self-righteous christians as vehemently as he denounced the pharisees of old. He would tell our bigwigs, our S.M.'s, our politicians, our military officers, our freemasons, our mine managers, our better citizens, who have never known what real temptation means, and who feel themselves far superior to the poor devil who has been sorely tempted every hour of his waking life: "You deem yourselves infinitely superior to the inmates of your prisons, and think yourselves insulted to be compared to them. I tell you that most of these have had their ideals which they have tried faithfully to live up to, that with all their faults they have loved the beautiful, the good and the true; they have withstood temptation once, have manfully conquered it a second time, and so on, but have finally fallen and then drifted. You, gentlemen, who have never had any deep-seated desire to be better than you are, but have ever been supremely selfish even in your "virtues," are infinitely inferior to such as these. Yet fools, hypocrites, society wreckers! you fancy God applauds such a decent bit of respectability as you. To be wise is your own conceit. "When it is evening, ye say, it will be fair weather; for the sky is red. And in the morning, it will be foul weather to-day; for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?" Go, you whited sepulchres! Your so-called virtues are reptile virtues—varnished vices!

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In the *Social-Democrat* (Eng.), H. Quelch further discusses "Peace and its Perils," and Jno. Rhind concludes his paper on "The Myth of the Over-Population of the World." There is also an interesting article on "Karl Marx and Metaphysics," by Jas. B. Lawrence, an anti-Marxite. A wealth of other matter makes the November *Social-Democrat* a readable number.

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## Sydney Propaganda Fixtures.

SATURDAY.

Bay-street, Botany—Slade, Rutherford.
Rozelle—Grant.
Newtown—Roche, Walsh.

SUNDAY.

Domain—Grant, Walsh, James.
Market-street—Slade, Crant, Reeves.
Balmain—James.
Newtown—Duffield.

# S.F.A. News & Notes.

## Melbourne.

ON Wednesday comrade Blackburn delivered an address in the rooms on "Socialist Differences." There was a fair attendance, and at the close some interesting discussion ensued, in which G. Brown and J. R. Wilson took part. Miss Webb presided, and ably acquitted herself.

Comrade P. Wilson is at present spending a holiday in Sydney.

On Friday propaganda meetings were held at Collingwood and South Melbourne. G. Brown held forth on his own at Collingwood, while Carmichael disposed of the literature. At South Melbourne comrade Victor ably presided, and J. R. Wilson, N. Rancie, and Miss Webb expounded the gospel of revolt. At the close a fair sale of literature was reported.

The Sunday Yarra Bank meeting was the usual success. Lottkwitz, Jeffries, and J. R. Wilson held forth, and put the S.F.A. position clearly.

At the Gaiety on Sunday Scott Bennett spoke to quite the largest audience for a considerable time. His subject was "New Zealand, Social Reform, and Socialism," and at the close he answered upwards of a score of questions.—J. R. WILSON, sec. (25.12.11.)

Melbourne Branch has endorsed recommendations re Conference.

## National Executive.

Next meeting of Administrative Council, Wednesday, Jan. 10, at 92 Ferris-street, Annandale.

## Hawthorn.

The Branch endorses Ad. Council recommendations, and strongly supports action re protest against Mills or any other member of a Socialist Party speaking under Labor Party auspices.

## Sydney.

There was a great audience at the anti-militarist meeting Sunday before last. Blumenthal presided, and the resolution was moved by James, seconded by Rutherford, and supported by Holland—who was warmly welcomed back after an absence of eight months. Splendid fighting speeches were made by the speakers, and the following resolution was carried with only two dissentients:

1. That this meeting of Socialists and other workers declares itself uncompromisingly hostile to all forms of militarism, recognising that whilst the present class State exists the armed forces will be used to buttress up capitalism, and to hold down the workers. This meeting further recognises that all the energies of the working class can be most profitably utilised in building up their industrial and political organisations, which shall finally render war impossible, and which organisations by international affiliations and alliances between the working classes of all nations are at present the chief guarantee of the peace of the world.

2. That this meeting strongly condemns the Italian Government for its unwarrantable bombardment and seizure of Tripoli in the interests of capitalistic exploitation, and learns with indignation of the barbarities reported to have been perpetrated by Italian troops. This meeting further joins with the organised workers in Europe in earnestly manifesting their abhorrence of the war, and in bringing working-class pressure to restore peace between the two conflicting powers.

A report of Mrs. Montefiore's farewell presentation came to hand too late for insertion in this issue.

Sunday's Domain meeting had to be abandoned owing to the rain, but a great meeting was held in Market-street at night, when Grant, Roach, Slade, and others spoke; and over 200 copies of the THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST were sold.

The Coal Lumpers' Union is giving a benefit social to the widow of our late member, Theo. Hansen, on Jan. 19, in the Masonic Hall. Members are requested to patronise same. Tickets procurable at the Club.

Party meeting next Tuesday night. All members urged to attend.

## Adelaide.

The Branch, at its monthly meeting, endorsed Ad. Council recommendations, especially re protesting against members of other Socialist Parties speaking in Australia under Labor Party auspices. It was also decided to hold anti-militarist meetings on Dec. 23 and 24.

We had Fred. Riley speaking on Sunday, 17th, on "Labor Party Betrayals of the Workers" and the danger of executive rule.

Our National Executive representatives are E. Moyle and J. Landridge.—JOHN LANDRIDGE (20.12.11.)

## Newtown.

Splendid meetings were held on the Newtown Bridge both Saturday and Sunday nights, with very good sales of literature.

Next business meeting, January 11, for election of officers. Every member is urged to attend.—ANNIE DUFFIELD, sec. (29.12.11.)

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There is no Religion higher than Truth.
—MADAME BLAVATSKY.

# Bob Ross.

BY H.E.H.

IT was on a June night in 1907 that I first saw Bob Ross at his best. We were delegates to the first Australian Socialist Conference—the "Unity" Conference that gave being to the S.F.A., and Ross was one of the speakers at Zion Hall on the Sunday following the Conference. His theme was the "step-at-a-time" policy of the Labor Party. Mr. Chris. Watson was then leader of the Federal L.P., and the huge audience just shrieked its applause when Bob, in his own quiet, inimitable way, in the course of an effective speech, quoted the first verse of Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light" to emphasize the Labor Party's attitude:

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on.
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

Of course I had *known* Ross earlier than that—per medium of his magnetic pen, and knew of and admired him for the way he journalistically sjamboked a high church dignity at the Barrier, when editor of the local Labor paper, *Barrier Truth*. In return for that courageous piece of work, the church struck at him "with the fangs of a snake"—and this from within the P.L.L. movement.

Bob Ross cheerfully sacrificed the £5 a week editorship for the sake of principle, and later sacrificed other "good things" to take on the precarious editorship of the valiant little *Flame*. It was while he was editing the *Flame*, and incidentally acting as compositor, occasional machinist, office boy, and filling several other offices, that I visited the Hill in 1908; and it was during that visit that I heard Ross quietly, unassumingly, refuse an offer of another £5 a week billet—an easy billet, too—to cling to his heart-breaking task on the *Flame*, a task that was, however, lightened by the little band of self-sacrificing Socialists who, few in number, did wonders in keeping the paper alive.

Ever since 1907 (that is, up to the time of his departure for New Zealand, and with the exception of the period during which I quite involuntarily resided at Albury), I have been closely associated with Bob Ross in the work of the S.F.A. I have disagreed with him on detail matters and on matters of tactics almost as often as there are days in the year—and still disagree with him. But there is no man who, knowing Ross's history and his work, will ever question his profound sincerity, his sterling honesty, or his unwavering courage.

Ross is a delightful personality. If you wanted to quarrel with him you couldn't—he wouldn't let you. Yet he is a fighter. I shall never forget the sensation of surprise with which (while speeding homeward from Albury in the Sydney express), I read his splendid and generous defence of myself in connection with the action of a man (whose infamy has since been fully exposed) who persuaded the Melbourne I.W.W. Club into adopting, on the chairman's casting vote, a motion that meant, if it meant anything, that the Wade Government was justified in jailing me. That article was a revelation to me.

In Australia Bob Ross will be affectionately remembered as a foundation member of the S.F.A. In Maoriland he seems to have found his opportunity in a position where, generally speaking, free from the financial worries that mentally handicap most men who write their ideas through newspapers into the minds of their readers, he may fearlessly propagate the principles of Revolutionary Socialism.

# Answers to Correspondents.

C.W., SYDNEY.—Will print.

J.C.M., Ballina.—Reply in next issue.

H.L.D., Sydney.—Will endeavor to print in next issue.

F.J.R., Adelaide.—Pamphlet received.

F.E.S.H., Moss Vale; M.E.V., Glenelg.—Thanks.

A.J., Sydney.—Front-rank stuff, but altogether too lengthy. Will use as soon as space permits.

INDUSTRIALIST, Adelaide.—Too late for this issue—next week.

W.R.W.—Next week.

C.E., Sydney.—Whatever faults the Milwaukee Socialists may have, they fully recognise that they can't abolish Capitalism by municipal control of a city under a capitalist-class constitution. Whether it's worth while for Socialists to undertake the administration of a class-constituted State or municipality without power to alter the constitution is a debatable question.

## International Socialist Club.

The Half-Yearly Meeting will be held January 11, 1912, 8 p.m. Business—Balance sheet and auditors' report; Election of Officers for ensuing half-year.—K. G. DRUHMEL, Secretary.

## International Socialist Club.—Xmas Tree Celebrations.

Donations Received.—V. Lolato & Co., 2 doz. bottles assorted wine. F. Bussmann, 10s. C. Oertel, 6 doz. bottles lemonade. Tom, 1s.

## Press Fund.

Previously acknowledged, £128 6s 6d. Sale of Gift, 7s 6d. John Szepanski, Vic., 2s. Collected Club Rooms, 13s 0d. Total, £129 9s 0d.

## Maintenance Fund.

Mrs. Den, 2s; W., 2s 6d; S.M., 1s; Thos. Bromley, Vic., 6s. Total for week, 11s 6d.

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# The Fourth Craft Union Meeting.

BY DANDELION.

FIRST SOCIALIST: Mr. Chairman, the attention
Of the members I invite
To a project I've perfected in my brain,
The result of an invention
I completed yesternight,
Which will carry mighty changes in its train!
I have studied air—pneumatics—
And consumed much midnight oil
With the air pump, and electric cell and glass,
Galvanometer astatic
And the secondary coil——
POLITICAL LABOR LEAGUE JINGO: It's no wonder you're surcharged with noxious gas! (Laughter.)
1ST SOC.: If I gathered from the ocean,
And the atmosphere, and earth,
All the forces inconceivably immense,
And, thus strengthened, moved a motion
Charged with interest and worth,
I could never charge your brain with common sense! (Laughter.)
I have pondered long, enveloped
In the ozone's subtle reek,
To discover why electrons whirling fly;
And how atoms are developed
From the ether——
LARRIKIN: That rot's Greek!
ANTI-SOSH: It's enough to make a platypus feel dry! (Applause.)
1ST SOC.: If in silence you had waited,
And impatience could repress,
Till the time to play your own flutorum came,
I would certainly have stated
How I plodded to success
And compressed the —
LARRIKIN: Yes, but what's yer bloomin' game?
1ST SOC.: Well it isn't crib or euchre,
But you're free to take a hand,
With the members of this most fraternal lodge;
*It is getting filthy hacky*——
VOICES: That's the game we understand!
1ST SOC.: By a process of compress——
LARRIKIN: But what's the game?
1ST SOC.: You're as eager as a boarder
For a dinner overdue;
But your interruptions lengthen the delay——
ANTI-SOSH: Is the speaker, sir, in order?
THE BLOKE: Strike me lucky, pink and blue,
Can't you listen till the covey's had his say? (Hear, hear.)
1ST SOC.: By admixture of three gases
Is produced the common air;
They are oxygen and nitrogen, unseen,
Carbon-dioxide which passes
To the plants and flowers, fair,
And enrobes the naked earth in living green.
The dioxide's but a fraction
Of the total atmosphere.
But the quantity is equally diffused;
And my project of abstraction
Would immensely interfere,
With the quantity by vegetation used.
Let's compress to a dimension
Microscopically small
The carbonic acid gas which feeds each plant,
Then from Sydney to Ascencion
All the growing crops would fall,
And there wouldn't be enough to feed an ant.
All the nations, strong and hardy,
O'er the planet's lengthy span,
Would be clamoring for food within a week——
P.L.L. JINGO: Sacred slow-worms! You're more tardy
Than an oyster eating man;
Of your project that's "new"-matic you should speak!
1ST SOC.: You were hurried through at college;
You were premature at birth;
You could never wait to cultivate your mind;
You've so beaten useful knowledge
In your racing round the earth
That your wisdom's now left hopelessly behind! (Loud laughter.)
Ancient empires rose and flourished;
Reached their zenith—tottered, fell,
Through a reason all historians understand.
And when modern ones have perished
The economists will tell
That the reason was——
SINGLE TAXER: Monopoly of land!
1ST SOC.: No! In future, if my motion
Is adopted here to-night,
(Which is certain if discussion's free and fair)——
P.L.L. JINGO: What in thunder *is* your notion?
1ST SOC.: If my project works aright,
*They will perish by monopoly of air!*
We've monopolies of water,
And monopolies of oil;
Private ownership of forests, mountains, plains,
But since Adam kissed his daughter
And monopolised the soil——
P.L.L. JINGO: What I need is——
1ST SOC.: Private ownership of brains! (Laughter and applause.)
P.L.L. JINGO: It's a proper explanation,
Mr. Chairman, that I need
Of the final aim and object of his plan.
Not a Socialist oration——
CHAIRMAN: Then permit him to proceed;
You have interrupted since he first began.
1ST SOC.: I propose (to stop the roaring
Of my jingoistic friend),
"That an Air-compressing Company be formed
For extracting gas and storing,
That the people may depend
For existence on our bounty"——
TIMID PAUL: We'd be *stormed*!
1ST SOC.: In reply to that objection,
And to banish needless fears,
I remind my nervous friend that even now
Legal robbers have protection,
Though they've robbed a hundred years;
*It's a custom stupid workers all allow!*
Thieves monopolise the rivers
Which the people need to drink;
Rogues monopolise the common coal and oil,
And declare themselves the givers
Of all good; and people think
*That they're fortunate to be allowed to toil!*
I'm proposing an extension
Of the method now in vogue,
Which the apathetic workers think is fair;
And I'm minus apprehension
That they'll punish as a rogue
Any robber who deprives them of the air!
They're accustomed to subjection,
And each humble slave believes
He should labor for a master until death,
*And provide sons for protection*
*Of the patriotic thieves.*
Though the bandits should monopolise his breath,
I'deny the slightest danger
In this splendid scheme to rob;
For each toiler's in a deep hypnotic sleep;
And the naked Truth's a stranger
To the daily-plundered mob,
Who submit in dumb indifference, like sheep!
In conclusion, let me mention
That the people are bereft
Of most factors of production——
SINGLE TAXER: Yes! You're right!
1ST SOC.: And by using my invention
We can plunder all that's left,
Namely, common air and common solar light!
And I'm certain, Mr. Chairman,
When my guilty soul has flown
To the region of the justly damned and dead,
That "Immortal Max, the Airman,"
O'er the planet will be known,
And my virtues will be written o'er my head!
SECOND SOCIALIST: Mr. Chairman, it's with pleasure
I now second what's proposed
By my comrade (who's with modern science filled),
For the details of the measure
Have not fully been disclosed,
So I'm anxious to explain that——
TIMID PAUL: We'll be killed!
2ND SOC.: As my colleague clearly stated,
You may banish needless fears
That the people will arise in angry might;
For we *Socialists* are hated,
Not the *thieves* who wield the shears,
By you workers, who are giving sons to fight
On the gory field of battle,
To destroy your fellow slaves
For the companies which rob on sea and land,
And regard you but as cattle
From your cradles to your graves;
Just *because their game you fail to understand!*
They deprive you of your nickel;
They exploit your reefs of gold;
They have mansions built on mountain, cliff, and crag,
And your stupid ears they tickle
With their legends, false and old,
Of the "glories" of the empire, king, and flag!
But I'm straying from the matter
(In thus reassuring Paul),
Of the harvest to be garnered by our gang—
P.L.L. JINGO: You're as dotty as a batter!
2ND SOC.: That's what Festus said to Saul!
Re the prospects of our Company——
TIMID PAUL: We'll hang!
2ND SOC.: Do the people hang the jobbers
Who infest the Stock Exchange?
Do the workers hang the companies of gents
And the loyal legal robbers
Who have stolen mine and grange,
And are fleecing you of interest and rent?
Do the toilers, nolens volens,
Hang the patriotic rook
Who has plundered them of ev'ry hard-earned sou?
Do you punish thieves who've stolen
All your wealth by hook or crook,
*And are training all your sons to murder YOU!*
LOYAL ORANGEMAN: Well, a patriot's devotion
Is a sentiment divine:
We've an Empire that extends to all degrees,
Whilst our ensign rules the ocean,
And has "braved" (in Campbell's line),*
For "a thousand years the battle and the breeze"!
2ND SOC.: Yet, despite ten thousand battles
And ten hundred thousand dead,
Or their victories, untold, through fire and flood,
*Still the soldier's rifle rattles*
*Round the striking worker's head.*
*And your ensign's stained with murdered toilers' blood!* (Uproar.)
Now, reverting to the motion,
Of our prospects I would speak——
P.L.L. JINGO: Oh, desist and give your aching jaws a spell!
2ND SOC.: Here! Retire and get a potion
For your intellect is weak;
Then return at once to Gladesville As—"hotel"! (Laughter.)
Now, our members are beholden
To the mover and his press,
For his process (though a secret) is complete;
All our prospects now are golden,
And we're certain of success
*By retailing solid gas per cubic feet!*
When the mover solved the riddle,
That had puzzled man and king,
He discovered what I'm anxious you should know,
That in playing this, his fiddle,
He possessed no single string,
But a multitude appended to his bow!
He has spoken of the action
Of carbonic acid gas:
How it's absence vegetation would impair;
But the ruin's just a fraction
Of the death-wave that would pass
If we bottled, as we could, all common air!
But such action would be needless
To obtain the full command,
For the working people's common sense has flown;
They are hypnotised and heedless
When the robbers steal the land,
And supinely pay each pirate for their *own*!
And precisely as the masses
Pay the land-sharks for the soil,
And, in ignorance, the plunderers revere,
So the overburdened asses
Will permit us now to spoil
And retail, per cubic foot, the atmosphere!
'Twill provide immense enjoyment
When the papers all declare
That our Company confers a needed boon
In providing sure employment
By an enterprise so rare,
And deserves the thanks of ev'ry paid gossoon!
In conclusion, if each worker,
In pursuit of ease and health,
To become a millionaire now feels disposed,
And henceforth would be a shirker
Who subsists on stolen wealth,
Just adopt the splendid motion now proposed!
P.L.L. JINGO: Mr. Chairman, how in thunder
An imposter has the face
To propose a brazen motion such as this,
Is the latest, greatest wonder
In the annals of disgrace
Since bold Judas sold his master with a kiss! (Applause.)
Ev'ry Socialistic bounder
Who in secret worships Marx,
And calls "Kapital" his bible, wants a crash;
And the mover's an expounder
Of his doctrines, in the parks——
2ND SOC.: You forgot to wipe the beer from your moustache! (Laughter.)
P.L.L. JINGO: In the suburbs and the city
Both these blatant demagogues
Have denounced in lurid words that lit the sky
The combines; and——
2ND SOC.: What a pity!
P.L.L. JINGO: And described the men as "hogs"
Who form companies to corner the supply
Of commodities like sugar,
Cotton, silver, wheat or coke,
To impoverish the people unto death;
Yet the mover says it's proper
To monopol——
HOME RULER: It's a joke!
P.L.L. JINGO: To monopolise the people's very breath!
If the mover is but joking
It is impudence sublime
To propose a bogus motion——
ANTI-SOSH: It's a shame!
P.L.L. JINGO: And his carcase should be smoking
In Gehenna, for the crime;
And the seconder should grill in Tophet's flame!
But the mover's clear intention
(Of his motion it's the pith)
Is to ridicule our party; and I fear
That his wonderful invention
Is a Socialistic myth
Which imagination conjured up —
ANTI-SOSH: Hear, hear!
P.L.L. JINGO: If, however, I'm mistaken,
And the mover is sincere
(Though his motion's inconsistent with his creed,
Which perhaps he has forsaken),
We can labor in a sphere
Where invention can supply an urgent need.
There are millions, who are bending
Over tasks severe and long,
Whose existence is but sorrow and despair,
And in servitude unending
They endure this cruel wrong;
They're deprived of freedom, leisure and FRESH AIR.
There are millions in the cities
Who in fœtid dens repine,
Where the children die of hunger and disease.*
There are millions no one pities
In shop, factory, and mine,
Who are plundered of the sunshine and the breeze.
Now, combining trade with pleasure,
Let's a golden harvest reap
And deliver those who struggle unto death;
Let's supply in heaping measure
Air that's germless, fresh, and *cheap*,
And provide the smothered poor with frozen breath.
TIMID PAUL: Have you reckoned up the dangers
And the troubles we shall brew?
Do you fancy that the people will submit
To another gang of rangers
Worse than Kelly and his crew?
P.L.L. JINGO: Now the Missing Link's discovered, and you're *It*!
Our exploiting will be *legal*;
But the question I'll not shirk
That our business the workers *may* dislike;
But we've loyal Jimmy, regal!
He and Fisher know their work
If the people dare rebel, or workers strike!
Handy Andy loves a rifle
To defend the upper ten,
And he's forcing workers' children now to shoot;
Whilst McGowen, *for a trifle,*
*Now imprisons working men*——
LIBERAL: With the sanction of each Labor League galoot!
P.L.L. JINGO: So whoever thinks it's risky
To monopolise the air,
Or defraud the mob of wealth on sea or land,
Fills his cerebrum with whisky,
Or his thinker needs repair,
For a level-headed man would understand
When the people bear the onus
Of supporting iron thieves
(Who are lucky as a sailor with a caul),
And our Handy gives a bonus——
LIBERAL: That "Report" no man believes!
P.L.L. JINGO: That's the answer angel Hogskin made to *Paul*!
It's recorded in the Bible
That Lot's missus turned to salt,
But a greater marvel Paul doth now reveal——
LIBERAL: It's another Labor libel!
P.L.L. JINGO: Lying's not *your* greatest fault! (Laughter.)
Now a modern *iron* master's turned to steal!
When our Handy, I was saying,
Pays a bonus to a gang
And McGowen jails their laborers who strike,
It is only nonsense braying,
That "there's danger *we* shall hang";
*For it's slavery and theft the people like!*
Let us issue our prospectus,
Let us offer shares to sell;
We have Jim and Handy Andy——
SINGLE TAXER: What a pair!
P.L.L. JINGO: *And their soldiers will protect us*
*If our workers dare rebel*
When we corner the supply of common air!
CHAIRMAN: Have you speakers any notion
Time—the aviator—flies?
See! The chronograph is indicating ten!
I intend to put the motion
If the mover now replies.
1ST SOC.: I need only say a single word, Amen!

(Vote taken.)

* * *

CHAIRMAN: I declare the motion carried,
It presages an advance!
I sincerely hope, and earnestly expect
That the toilers who have tarried
All their plundered lives in trance
Will awaken when the motion takes effect!

* "Ye Mariners of England," by Thomas Campbell.

* See "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells.

* See "New Worlds for Old," by H. G. Wells.

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The conscription crime and the boy scout madness is beginning to shed fruit that is rotten-ripe. On Dec. 9, according to daily press reports, while some "scouting" was being done, one set of boys met another detachment of scouts and ordered them to "bail up." The scouts "bailed up" alright, and then the rifle of one of the bailing-up party went off, and the bullet made a hole in the hat of a bailed-up scout, whereupon the latter emitted a terrified yell, and sprinted towards the reluctant distance nearly as suddenly as Jim Page fell down Majuba Hill. The bailing-up detachment fired two volleys after the retreating foe; and then the law came along and in the name of the Labor Party scragged the kids for doing what they had been taught to do under the Labor Party's murder scheme, and flung them into jail, where they stayed until their friends bailed them out.

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The Rural Workers' Union, having entered the field at Mildura in response to the call of the scab employers, has now entered intered into a scab agreement with the said employers. The incident marks one of the worst cases of union blacklegging on union that Australia has yet presented.

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"The poor ye have always with you" under Capitalism.

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